

(J.B.R. 5)  
PROGRAM #13

AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

*As Broadcast*

LUCKY STRIKE

THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1954

CBS

4:00 - 4:30 PM PST

(Transcribed, December 20, 1953)

CAST: Jack Benny  
Mary Livingstone  
Rochester  
Dennis Day  
Bob Crosby  
Don Wilson  
The Sportsmen Quartet  
Mel Blanc  
Artie Auerback

JF

ATX01 0020247

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY  
THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM #13  
DECEMBER 19, 1954  
OPENING COMMERCIAL

-A-

DON: THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM ... transcribed and presented  
by Lucky Strike, the cigarette that tastes better.  
Cleaner, fresher, smoother.

(TRANSCRIBED: "If you want better taste from your ciga-rette,  
CALYPSO  
VERSION OF Lucky Strike is the brand to get!  
SONG-37 SEC) IT'S TOASTED to give you the best taste yet,  
It's the toasted (CLAP ... CLAP, CLAP) cig-a-rette.  
  
They take fine tobacco, it's light tobacco,  
it's mild tobacco, too.  
Then IT'S TOASTED, yes, IT'S TOASTED,  
because the toasting brings the flavor right through.  
  
So, to get better taste from your cig-a-rette,  
Lucky Strike is the brand to get!  
IT'S TOASTED to give you the best taste yet,  
It's the toasted (CLAP ... CLAP, CLAP) cig-a-rette!"

DON: This is Don Wilson, friends. I guess you all have  
heard of Bill Corum, the famous sports columnist,  
who's also President of Churchill Downs in  
Louisville, Kentucky. Well, he's one of the many  
millions of people who smoke Luckies. And this is  
what he says about them:  
"I smoke Luckies because they give me the enjoyment  
I like and they taste better than any other cigarette  
to me."

(MORE)

JF

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THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY  
THE JACK BENNY PROGRAM #13  
DECEMBER 19, 1954  
OPENING COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)

-B-

DON:  
(CONT'D)

Now, Bill Corum's reason for smoking Lucky Strike is the same one most Lucky smokers give. Better taste. What makes a Lucky taste better? It's toasted to taste better. Now, Luckies' better taste begins with fine tobacco. LS/MFT, Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. And then, that tobacco is toasted. "IT'S TOASTED" -- the famous Lucky Strike process -- brings Luckies' fine tobacco to its peak of flavor... tones up this naturally mild, good-tasting tobacco to make it taste even better. Cleaner, fresher, smoother. That's why -- at Christmas time in particular -- so many people give -- and get cartons of Luckies. A brightly decorated carton of Lucky Strike says "Merry Christmas and Happy Smoking" two-hundred times. Remember cartons of Luckies -- so nice to give ... so wonderful to get.

JF

ATK01 0020249

(FIRST ROUTINE)

(AFTER COMMERCIAL, MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

DON: FROM PALM SPRINGS, CALIFORNIA, THE LUCKY STRIKE PROGRAM,  
STARRING JACK BENNY...WITH MARY LIVINGSTONE, ROCHESTER,  
DENNIS DAY, BOB CROSBY, AND "YOURS TRULY" DON WILSON.

(APPLAUSE...MUSIC UP AND DOWN)

DON: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, AS ALWAYS AT THE HEIGHT OF THE  
TOURIST SEASON HERE, PALM SPRINGS IS JUST FULL OF  
CELEBRITIES...BUT NOW I GIVE YOU THE CELEBRITY THE WHOLE  
TOWN IS TALKING ABOUT...BECAUSE HE'S THE ONLY ONE PAYING  
SUMMER RATES...AND HERE HE IS, JACK BENNY.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Thank you, thank you, thank you...Hello again, this is  
Jack Benny talking...and Don, I don't care if the whole  
town is talking about me because in Palm Springs talk is  
the only thing that's cheap...Believe me.

DON: I know what you mean, Jack...but I've worked out a pretty  
good deal where I'm staying.

JACK: Where? At the Biltmore?

DON: Yes, I get fifty per cent off <sup>of</sup> my bill and in return I put  
in three hours a day as a lifeguard. And yesterday I --

*Wait a minute*  
JACK: Wait a minute, Don. *(wait a minute...)* You did say "lifeguard", ~~that's what~~ *ah?*

DON: Yes, why?

JACK: Well, it's just that I picture you more as a life raft....  
with a pontoon in back *there*.

DON: Well, you can joke all you want, but yesterday a man  
called for help and I dived into the pool and saved him.

DH

JACK: Really, Don?

DON: Yes sir...and you should have heard the way they bawled me out.

JACK: Bawled you out? You saved a man's life, didn't you?

DON: Yes, but when I jumped in the pool, three people sitting on the lawn almost drowned.

JACK: Gee, and I've been telling everyone it rained yesterday...  
But, Don --

BOB: Oh, Jack....Jack.

JACK: Yes, Bob.

*Bob: Yes...*  
(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Bob Crosby, Ladies and gentlemen. *(What -)* What is it, Bob?

BOB: *Well,* Before we go any further with the show, I'd like to take a roll call of the orchestra.

JACK: A roll call of the orchestra? *(Bob: That's right)* We've never done that before.

BOB: *Well,* Believe me, Jack, I know what I'm doing.

JACK: Well, all right, if you have to....go ahead, Bob.

BOB: Okay....George.

MARTY: Here.

BOB: Kerchy.

GUERNY: Here.

BOB: Songer.

JAY: Here.

BOB: Remley.

MEL: Hic!

JACK: *Bob -* *Bob...* ~~Now,~~ Bob, I want to ask you ~~something~~...why...why do you have to go through this roll call?

DH

BOB: *Oh*, I always do when we're out of town.

JACK: But why, why?

BOB: *Oh*, I have to....I'm responsible to their Los Angeles Parole Board.

JACK: Oh, I see...Well, don't let me stand in the way of the law.

BOB: Hardy.

BILL: Here.

BOB: Tackaberry.

JACK: Wait a minute....Tackaberry is one of my writers.

BOB: He's on parole, too.

JACK: ~~He's~~...He keeps talking about the Pen, I thought he meant Papermate....Well, anyway, I'm <sup>sure that</sup> glad ~~all~~ the boys are ~~here~~.... Now if we can -- Oh, hello, Mary.

MARY: Oh, hello, Jack.

(APPLAUSE)

MARY: I'm sorry I'm late, Jack, but I was taking a golf lesson at Tamarisk and I just didn't notice the time.

JACK: That's all right, Mary. So Ellsworth Vines gave you another lesson, eh?

MARY: No, I switched to one of the other fellows.

JACK: ~~What~~....What was wrong?

MARY: I found out he's married.

JACK: ~~Oh~~...Well, look, Mary, you don't have to make any dates here in Palm Springs. If you want to go out with someone, I'm here.

MARY: Oh no, Jack...Not with you.

JACK: What?

DH

MARY: Your idea of an exciting time here is to walk down Palm Canyon Drive and watch people put nickels in the parking meters.

JACK: Yeah...Saturday was a dilly...163 dollars and 45 cents. Now let's get on with the show because tonight we're ~~acting~~ -- Oh -oh.

MARY: What's the matter?

JACK: Here comes Dennis.

MARY: Well, what about it?

JACK: You know, Mary...every time that kid opens his mouth, he says something silly and I'm aggravated for the rest of the week. But this time he's not getting away with it....  
I'm ready for him.

DENNIS: (COMING IN) <sup>hell</sup> Hello, everybody.

DON & MARY: Hello, Dennis.

(APPLAUSE)

DENNIS: Hello, Mr. Benny...Boy, two weeks in Palm Springs have sure made you look different.

JACK: (WHISPERS) See, Mary, he's starting already.

DENNIS: I'm sorry I haven't been able to see more of you up here, but I've been very busy.

JACK: Busy eh? What have you been doing?

DENNIS: Oh, swimming a little every day...getting lots of sleep, eating good food and catching up on my reading.

JACK: Your...reading? eh?

DENNIS: Yes, it's nice and quiet up here and I can concentrate...  
Hamlet requires lots of attention.

DH

JACK: Hamlet? <sup>huh?</sup> Dennis, --

DENNIS: I consider it to be Shakespeare's finest work...although I'd be the first to admit ~~that~~ there are great qualities in MacBeth, Julius Caesar and Othello....but to my way of thinking Hamlet offers more scope and penetrates with a deeper insight into human nature.

JACK: (EXPLODES) That's enough, Dennis! I won't listen to that kind of talk.

MARY: But, Jack --

JACK: I don't care, I'm on a vacation and I'm not going to let him aggravate me.

MARY: But Jack, he hasn't said anything silly.

JACK: I know, and he's doing it on purpose..Dennis, you're deliberately trying to annoy me.

DENNIS <sup>Q</sup>, No, I'm not, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Then how come you're talking intelligently?

DENNIS: I can't help it, I was out in the sun too long.

JACK: Huh?

DENNIS: But I discovered a way to keep cool.

JACK: You did?

DENNIS: Yeah, I get a big punch bowl, fill it full of shaved ice, put in three lemons, two oranges, some gingerale, a quart of Scotch, a bottle of Smirnoff Vodka, and five maraschino cherries.

JACK: Dennis, you drink that?

DENNIS: No, I sit in it.

DH



JACK: That's my boy... And Dennis, now that you're back to normal again, do me a favor... just go over in the corner and don't bother me.

DENNIS: Okay... do you mind if I read Hamlet?

JACK: Read, read.... What a crazy kid.

MARY: Well Jack, you won't have to put up with him much longer. Tomorrow we'll all be on our way back to Los Angeles.

JACK: I know, and I've got a big surprise for everyone. Since you're all leaving tomorrow and I'm going to be staying down here till after Christmas, I want you all to come to my place tonight for our annual Christmas party.

DON: <sup>Ok</sup> ~~Yes~~, that's wonderful, Jack.

JACK: Everybody's invited... And Bob, make sure to bring the orchestra boys.

BOB: The orchestra boys?

JACK: Yeah, but tell them when we serve dinner to just casually walk into the dining room.... not to line up and march.

BOB: Okay, Jack, <sup>Ok</sup> I'll tell them.... but gee, you ~~are~~ better serve them the food right away or they'll start banging their cups on the table.

JACK: I'll serve 'em, I'll serve 'em.... And listen, kids, I ~~am~~ got a nice big house that I rented... there's plenty of room.... we'll have a tree, exchange gifts and have <sup>a</sup> lot of fun. Don, you take over the show, will you? I'm going to leave right now and help Rochester get things ready.

DON: All right, Jack.... Shall we do the commercial now?

DH

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JACK: Yes, Don...that'll be fine...What have the Sportsmen Quartet prepared?

DON: *Oh*, It's something very appropriate for this time of ~~year~~ year ... It's called "Winter Wonderland."

JACK: Winter Wonderland? *Don't know how well,* That song is all about snow and sleighbells... That doesn't fit Palm Springs.

DON: Don't worry about it, Jack, we've got it fixed all right.

JACK: Okay, go ahead....See you later, kids.

(SOUND: DOOR CLOSING)

DON: All right, fellows....take it.

DH

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(INTRO)

-8-

QUART: SLEIGH BELLS RING, ARE YOU LISTENING.  
IN THE LANE SNOW IS GLISTENING  
A BEAUTIFUL SIGHT, WE'RE HAPPY TONIGHT  
WALKING IN A WINTER WONDERLAND.  
GONE AWAY IS THE BLUEBIRD  
HERE TO STAY IS A NEW BIRD  
HE SINGS A LOVE SONG AS WE GO ALONG  
WALKING IN A WINTER WONDERLAND.  
IN THE MEADOW WE CAN BUILD A SNOWMAN  
THEN PRETEND THAT HE IS PARSON BROWN  
HE'LL SAY, "ARE YOU MARRIED?"  
*Janice*  
~~Janice~~ SAY, "NO, MAN, BUT YOU CAN DO THE JOB  
WHEN WE'RE IN TOWN."  
LATER ON WE'LL CONSPIRE  
AS WE DREAM BY THE FIRE  
TO FACE UNAFRAID THE PLANS THAT WE MADE  
WALKING IN A WINTER WONDERLAND.  
COYOTES HOWL, ARE YOU LISTENING  
SEE THAT OWL, EYES A-GLISTENING  
THE DESERT AT NIGHT IS A BEAUTIFUL SIGHT  
PALM SPRINGS IS A WINTER WONDERLAND.  
IN THE SUN ONE RELAXES  
OH, WHAT FUN FORGETTING TAXES  
IF YOU CAN AFFORD YOUR ROOM AND YOUR BOARD  
PALM SPRINGS IS A WINTER WONDERLAND.

(MORE)

JF

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QUART: SANTA RIDES THE DESERT AND HE'S SINGING  
(CONT'D) MERRY CHRISTMAS, YIPPY-OH-KY-AYE.

IN HIS BAG FOR BENNY HE IS BRINGING  
SOME SHAMPOO AND A CURLY NEW TOUPAY  
THOUGH YOU ROAST AND YOU SWELTER  
STILL WE BOAST YOU NEED SHELTER  
'CAUSE TAKE IT FROM ME, ALONG ABOUT THREE  
PALM SPRINGS IS A WINTER WONDERLAND.  
LUCKY STRIKES GIVE YOU PLEASURE  
LUCKY STRIKES YOU WILL TREASURE  
YES, LUCKIES ARE GREAT WHEN YOU CELEBRATE  
CHRISTMAS IN A WINTER WONDERLAND.  
BETTER TASTE IS THE REASON  
LUCKY STRIKES ARE SO PLEASING  
YES, LUCKY'S THE ONE TO PUFF IN THE SUN  
CHRISTMAS IN A WINTER WONDERLAND.  
LUCKY STRIKES ARE MADE OF FINE TOBACCO  
LUCKIES ARE A SMOOTHER SMOKE HERE'S WHY  
CELLOPHANE PROTECTS EACH SEPARATE PACK SO  
THEY'RE ALWAYS FRESH AND THEY ARE NEVER DRY.  
IT'S THE BRAND YOU WILL SEE MORE  
BY THE POOL AT THE BILTMORE  
WHEREVER YOU GO IT'S LUCKIES YOU KNOW  
THEY'RE PUFFIN' IN A WINTER WONDERLAND.  
LUCKIES ARE EVERYBODY'S FAVORITE BRAND  
*Puffin' in a Winter Wonderland.*  
LUCKIES ARE EVERYBODY'S FAVORITE BRAND.

(APPLAUSE)

JF

(SECOND ROUTINE)

(SOUND: TRAFFIC NOISES AND FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Gee, I'm glad that drug store was open so I could finish my Christmas shopping....Gee, I get Christmas presents from everywhere...C.B.S...Lucky Strike...even my home town, Waukegan...I wonder what Waukegan will do for me this Christmas. Last year they did a wonderful thing..They destroyed my birth certificate....Now no one will ever know..(SINGS) JINGLE BELLS..JINGLE BELLS..JINGLE ALL THE WAY...SANTA NEEDS A NICKLE HERE IF HE WANTS TO PARK HIS SLEIGH--AAA....DA DA DUM, DUM DUM DUM, ~~DA DA~~ --  
Oops, pardon me, sir.

ARTIE: That's quite all -- Mr. Benny!

JACK: Why, Mr. Kitzel!

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Well, Mr. Kitzel, this is a surprise..I didn't know you were here in Palm Springs.

ARTIE: Oh yes, I'm here already the last few days.

JACK: Well, isn't that nice..where are you staying?

ARTIE: A place called Harry's Hacienda.

JACK: Harry's Hacienda? <sup>me</sup> I've never heard of that.

ARTIE: Nationally advertised it isn't.

JACK: <sup>Ok</sup> Well, <sup>if</sup> it isn't much of a place, why do you stay there?

ARTIE: Where else for seven dollars a day can you get room, board, and a desk full of picture post cards from the El Mirador?

JACK: Oh, I see...Well, tell me..do they have a <sup>swimming</sup> pool?

ARTIE: Finally I found it.

JACK: You mean the swimming pool is that small?

ARTIE: Small? This morning I had breakfast and the hole in my bagel was bigger.

JACK: Well, what's the difference as long as you're having fun. Say, Mr. Kitzel, I'm having my cast over this evening for a little get-together...How would you and your wife like to join us?

GH

ARTIE: Thank you, but I'm afraid we couldn't make it. My wife is still upset from the steak ride last night. *(Artie: Goat)*

JACK: Oh, your wife was on a Steak ride? ~~What~~ happened?

ARTIE: It took eight men to put her on the horse.

JACK: Oh, Mr. Kitzel, you must be joking. Your wife's not that heavy.

ARTIE: Me, you could convince, but the horse you can't.

JACK: You mean --?

ARTIE: The next time that horse runs, it'll be from a bottle of glue.

JACK: Well, Mr. Kitzel, I'd like to talk to you longer, but I have to get home to help Rochester.

ARTIE: Go right ahead, Mr. Benny, and enjoy yourself.

JACK: Thank you...so long.

ARTIE: Goodbye...Oh say, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Yes, Mr. Kitzel?

ARTIE: Tomorrow if you got a little time, why don't you come over and visit me and my wife?

JACK: Well, I'll be glad to...How do I get to Harry's Hacienda?

ARTIE: *(from here)* You go straight down Flam Canyon Drive for five blocks till you come to the Park Lane Hotel.

JACK: Uh huh.

ARTIE: Then you turn left and follow the sign that says "To Harry's Hacienda" for two miles.

JACK: Two miles? But look <sup>at</sup> that will take me way up in the mountains.

ARTIE: That's right, Harry is a goat.

JACK: *(Artie: Goat)* A goat? Mr. Kitzel, you're joking.

ARTIE: Smell me.

JACK: What?

OH

ARTIE: Goodbye, Mr. Benny.

JACK: Goodbye, Mr. Kitzel and Merry Christmas.

ARTIE: And a Happy Yule to You-all.

(APPLAUSE)

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS..TRAFFIC NOISES)

JACK: (SINGS) JINGLE BELLS, JINGLE BELLS, JINGLE ALL THE WAY..  
LA IA LA, IA LA LA LA, ~~LA LA LA LA LA LA LA LA~~ -- Gee, it'll  
be fun bing in Palm Springs for Christmas.

(TRANSITION MUSIC)

JACK: Rochester, hand me some more tinsel for the tree, *will you?*

ROCH: HERE YOU ARE, MR. BENNY.

(APPLAUSE)

JACK: Gee, I'm sure glad I decided to rent this house from Mr.  
and Mrs. Martin. It'll be just perfect for the party  
tonight.

ROCH: YEAH.

JACK: Well, all the tinsel is on. I think I'll put on the  
ornaments. I'll *put this nice* red one up..Ouch! *See,* I'll put  
the blue one over *and then...* here..Ouch!...and I'll put the green one  
up on top..there..Ouch!...Oh, darn it.

ROCH: BOSS, I TOLD YOU TO GET A CHRISTMAS TREE INSTEAD OF THIS  
CACTUS PLANT.

JACK: Well, Rochester, *Rochester,* I'm not going ~~home~~ out and buy a Christmas  
tree when I have a perfectly good one at home. ~~But~~ I want  
to put these gifts under it..Let's see..Here's Don's..some  
nice dates *and,* This one's for Mary..Oh, and Rochester, here's  
the one I'm giving Remley. Boy, will he be surprised.

ROCH: HOW WILL HE BE SURPRISED, YOU'VE GOT "SHAVING LOTION"  
WRITTEN ALL OVER THE PACKAGE.

GH

JACK: *Well,* You have to do that with Remley. When he opens a box and finds a bottle, he never stops to read the label..Last year *Last year,* I gave him a miniature ship in a bottle ~~and~~ the mast stuck out of his mouth for three months..Every time I asked him smething, he had to answer me through the crows nest.. Belive me, I know what I'm doing.

(SOUND: DOOR BUZZER)

JACK: Oh-oh, Rochester..that must be the gang..You let 'em in and *See* I'll go out in the kitchen and get the hors d'oeuvres.

ROCH: OKAY.

(SOUND: COUPLE FOOTSTEPS AND DOOR CLOSE)

CAST: (AD LIBS) Hello, Rochester..Merry Christmas,..etc.

ROCH: COME IN, COME IN, COME IN, EVERYBODY..MR. BENNY'S IN THE KITCHEN,..HE'LL BE RIGHT OUT..MAKE YOURSELVES AT HOME.

DON: Say, Jack's got a nice place here.

MARY: Yeah, but it's so cluttered up. Rochester, help me clean it up..I'll throw some of this stuff out.

ROCH: (FRIGHTENED) NOT THAT, NOT THAT, THAT'S THE CHRISTMAS TREE!

BOB: Christmas tree? *Hey,* That's nothing but an old cactus plant.

ROCH: *Oh,* WE WOULD'VE HAD A TUMBLE-WEED, BUT THE WIND WAS BLOWING AND WE LOST IT COMING THROUGH INDIO.

DON: Wait a minute...look at that television set..~~It's~~ Got a coin box attached to it with a slot to put money in.

BOB: Well, that's Pay As You See Television. And Palms Springs is the only place where they're conducting this experiment.

MARY: Jack has the same attachment on his set in Beverly Hills and it's no experiment.

JACK: (COMING IN) WELL, EVERYBODY'S HERE..MERRY CHRISTMAS.

CAST: MERRY CHRISTMAS, JACK.

JACK: Well, kids, I'm glad you're all here..We'll have a nice --

(SOUND: PHONE RINGS.)

JACK: Oh, there's the phone.

ROCH: I'LL GET IT, BOSS.

JACK: Thanks, Rochester.



MARY: Say Jack, this is a very nice place. I had no idea it was so large.

JACK: Oh yes...there's a kitchen, dinette, living room, two bedrooms, and a patio. You know, Mary, when you're a big star, you ~~are~~ got to have plenty of room to entertain.

MARY: Yeah...I just can't understand how you got all this for eighty-five dollars a month.

JACK: What's the difference, I got it. Now come on, everybody, let's put all the presents under the tree and ~~and~~ --

*Hey,* Wait a minute.

MARY: What's the matter?

JACK: I had twelve candy canes, and now there are only eleven...where's the other one?

MARY: Don't look at me.

JACK: I'm not looking at you..but if your conscience bothers you, they're ten cents each.

MARY: Oh, don't be so silly.

ROCH: SAY, BOSS --

JACK: Yea, Rochester..who was that on the phone?

ROCH: THAT WAS MR. COLMAN CALLING FROM BEVERLY HILLS.

JACK: Oh, Ronald Colman?

ROCH: YES SIR..HE WANTED TO KNOW IF YOU'D BE BACK IN TOWN FOR CHRISTMAS..AND I TOLD HIM THAT YOU COULDN'T POSSIBLY MAKE IT, YOU WERE STAYING IN PALM SPRINGS.

JACK: Gee, that was nice of Ronnie to call. Is he planning a Christmas party?

BA

ROCH: NOW, YES.

JACK: Huh?

ROCH: HE SAID HE'D CHECK WITH ME LATER ABOUT NEW YEARS.

JACK: All right, all right.

BOB: Hey, Gang, why don't we ~~we~~ open our Christmas presents?

JACK: No, no, it's too early..Everyone can take their gift,  
but let's not open them until Christmas.

DENNIS: Gee, I'm embarrassed, Mr. Benny. I got you a gift, but  
I left it at my hotel room.

JACK: Oh, that's all right, Dennis. ~~you~~ You didn't have to  
bother getting me anything, anyway.

DENNIS: Well, truthfully, I didn't know what to get you..you have  
practically everything..but I went all over Palm Springs  
and I finally found something.

JACK: Really, what did you get me, Dennis?

DENNIS: A Hila monster.

JACK: A Hila monster.

DENNIS: *Yes* The man only charged me three dollars for it.

JACK: Dennis, A Hila monster is a deadly poisonous and vicious  
reptile. Why, it could snap a man's arm off.

DENNIS: No wonder it took him so long to wrap the package.

JACK: Dennis, if that poisonous thing is in your room, you  
better call your hotel right now and warn them.

DENNIS: Yeah, I guess I better.

DON: Hey, come on, kids, let's have some fun..let's get ~~the~~ *this*  
party rolling.

BOB: Yeah, let's play some games.

JACK: Okay...but first I want to show you something, Mary.

BA

MARY: Me?

JACK: Yes, come on out in the hall for a second.

MARY: All right.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

JACK: Well, here we are...look up, Mary.

MARY: Why Jack, it's a mistletoe.

JACK: That's right..and that means I get to kiss you.

MARY: (SHY) Oh, Jack ..

JACK: *Now*, Come on, Mary..give me a kiss..now pucker up.

MARY: All right.

(SOUND: LONG KISS)

MARY: There.

JACK: I KNEW IT, YOU ATE THE CANDY CANE..I KNEW IT, I KNEW IT, I KNEW IT.

MARY: All right..here's your ten cents. For a minute, I thought you were getting romantic.

JACK: Romantic, shmantic...a crime must be solved, ~~the~~ Come on, let's get back to the party.

(SOUND: FOOTSTEPS)

BOB: Mary, what was going on out there in the hall?

MARY: Ask Boston Blackie.

~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~  
JACK: Never mind....Hey, Dennis, *the* did you call your hotel about that Hila monster?

DENNIS: Yeah.

JACK: What did they say?

DENNIS: Nothing, the phone keeps ringing and ringing but nobody answers.

JACK: What?

BA

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DENNIS: Do you mind if I stay here tonight?

JACK: All right, all right..Now come on, let's get things started here...Let's all sing Jingle Bells.

DON: Yeah, yeah..let's all sing, *huh?*  
(SOUND: HACK SAW SAWING THROUGH IRON BAR)

JACK: What's that noise?

BOB: ~~Remley~~ *wants* Remley, ~~to~~ to go home.

JACK: (UP) Remley, put down that hack saw and use the door....  
What a gang...Now come on, kids, let's sing "Jingle Bells."

CAST: (SINGS) JINGLE BELLS, JINGLE BELLS  
JINGLE ALL THE WAY  
OH, WHAT FUN IT IS TO RIDE  
IN A ONE HORSE OPEN SLEIGH....  
JINGLE BELLS, JINGLE --

MEL: (SLIGHTLY MOOLEY) HOLD IT, QUIET DOWN, HOLD IT, HOLD IT  
HOLD IT:

CAST: (STOPS SINGING)

MEL: WHAT'S GOIN' ON HERE?

JACK: Hold it, kids, it's the owner...What's the matter, Mr. Martin?

MEL: I'll tell you what's the matter. I'm not going to stand for noisy parties like this going on in my house.

JACK: Now wait a second, Mr. Martin...so what if we are making a little noise..you're forgetting ~~that~~ I'm paying you 85 dollars a month to rent this house.

MEL: Whoever dreamed you'd be throwing wild parties...When you came to me, you looked like a nice, quiet old man.

BA

JACK: But ~~look~~ ...

MEL: Now I find out you're a Hollywood playboy.

JACK: Look, Mr. Martin --

MEL: And what're those convicts doing here?

JACK: Those are my musicians... Fellows, this is a party, stop making those license plates.....For heavens sakes...  
They're not at home unless they're in jail.

BOB: I guess we were a little loud, Mr. Martin...but we didn't know you were here.

MARY: We were only having a <sup>little</sup> Christmas party.

MEL: *Q* - A Christmas party?

DON: Yes, if you prefer, we can leave.

MEL: Well ...

DENNIS: We didn't even get to sing the Christmas Carols.

MEL: Christmas Carols?

JACK: Yes, <sup>we</sup> we always sing Christmas Carols.

MEL: Gee, I'd love to hear that.

JACK: Well, why don't you and your wife join us?

MEL: ~~Do~~ you really mean that, Mr. Benny?

JACK: Certainly, the more the merrier.

MEL: Gee, thanks..I'll go get my wife and we'll join you in the party.

JACK: Now Dennis -- ~~yes~~, go get her...Dennis, every year at my Christmas party you always sing a nice medley of Christmas Carols.

BA

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DENNIS: Yes, sir.

JACK: Well, how about singing them for us now?

DENNIS: I'd be glad to.

JACK: Quiet, everybody..Dennis is going to sing.

(DENNIS SINGS MEDLEY OF CHRISTMAS CAROLS)

JACK: Ladies and gentlemen, on behalf of my sponsor and my entire staff, I want to wish you all a Very Merry Christmas.

BA

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